And So I Serve

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Summary: Marco-angst. Marco reflects on his situation as of #30.

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DISCLAIMER: Marco and Co. belong to Scholastic. K.A. Applegate writes this stuff. If you think Marco-angst sucks leave now.

I'M BACK! It's my first story in months, so please give _some_ good reviews to this. I've been givin' 'em out like freebies, so return the favor.

RATING: PG-13. Lil kids don't gotta worry about this shit.

Still here? You have been warned . . .

-- Lights, camera, angst! (ROLL DA CAMERAS! Dsssttt ----)

I dunno.

I mean, everything thinks I'm the class clown (to some). The village idiot (to others). Mr. Sexy. (Okay, the last one's only in my mind. Hey, people get to dream.)

I'm not. I just pretend to be.

There are two ways to look at life. Happy and sad. I look at it happily, pretending that life is all a big joke. I have to. I wish it were.

Whenever I see Dad, in bed crying as he has nightmares of Mom's death, thinking that she's gone . . . it's horrible. If he knew that

I had those exact same nightmares, the same visions of her death . . . Goddamn, I'd just wanna end it all, right then and there.

Then I wait. I remember. My friends need a security expert. Dad needs a son. My fans (imaginary) need a one-boy sex toy. The Andalites need a pro hacker. But my mom . . . Mom needs me too. She needs me just as much as my friends . . . dad . . . she needs a savior. She might not have died in the fall. She _didn't_. If she's alive . . .

No, she's alive . . . has to be . . . and I'll find her. Rescue her, make us one happy family again. It has to be that way. It _will_ be that way.

And so I serve.

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Whaddya think? Think I did great (coz that's somewhere close to my life)? Think that this episode of Marco-angst sucks? Think I suck? Talk to AxiMorph@aol.com or EDman9@xoom.com and just don't make it _too_ bad. Be reasonable, and tell me how I screwed up.

("If you think I suck say 'Aye.'" "Aye!" "Aye!" "Aye!" "A-" "Okay you can shut up now.")

End
file.